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UNCLE SAM'S VISIT

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TO THE

...U. S. SENATE...

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TO

THE PRESENT

DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS,

THAT NOBLE BAND OF NEW-STYLE

PATRIOTS, WHOSE SYMPATHIES ARE SO

BROAD AS TO INCLUDE EVEN THEIR OWN POCKETS

AND THEMSELVES; AND WHOSE CALM AND

BENIGN INTELLIGENCE HAS ENABLED

THEM TO EVOLVE THE FOLLOW-

ING NEW POLITICAL

MAXIM:

"TO DO NOTHING IS SAFER SOMETIMES THAN TO DO SOMETHING,"

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To the Gentle Reader:

The thought struck me some days ago,
Perchance the world would like to know
About the visit that was made—
(True! without any great parade)
By Uncle Sam who went to see
His servants who serve Liberty;
When, harvest season being done,
He thought he'd see the goings-on
At a place called Washington.
For having read the daily papers,
He had heard about the capers
That the Senate had been playing,
Whilst he had been to work at haying;
But when the hay at last was stacked,
Said Uncle Sam; "Now I'll be cracked,
If I don't jest go down and see,
About this 'ere tom-foolery,
Thet folks say is taking place,
In the law shop o' the race.
I don't know what's up, I am sure,
But politicks must be kept pure;
So guess I'll have to take a peek,
To see ef I kin find a leak."
So, laying out some shirts and collars,
Two pair of socks, and eighty dollars
Which he with thrift had laid away,

To serve him 'gainst a rainy day,
And seizing his old carpet sack,
Uncle Sam began to pack.
And having packed, with grip in hand,
From his farm house in the North
Uncle Sam set gaily forth,
Toward the line of Dixie Land,
To see the town he used to know,
About a century ago.
He reached there safely, and straightway
Stowing his old grip away,
And having washed his hands and face,
He took a look around the place.
Nobody knew him there and so
He had a good time, you must know,
In getting at the ins and outs,
Of the scenery there-abouts.
With things that are and are not sainted
He at length became acquainted,
By following strictly, I may say,
The usual senatorial way,
Of taking a quiet interest in,
All living things from stocks to tin.
'Twas thus, alas, one eve while he
Was pondering in perplexity,
That Uncle Samuel was fated
To see the things herein related.

Uncle Sam's Visit to the U. S. Senate

Upon the broad Potomac's shore,
One somber Autumn day,
With his hands thrust in his pockets,
In a manly sort of way,
Uncle Samuel stood thinking
Beside the silver sea,
And his visage was as rueful,
As ruefulness can be.
He was thinking how the statesmen
Of a certain Yankee Nation,
After long and dreary months
Of steady legislation,—
Or rather ages after 'twas
Supposed to have begun,—
Had talked about ten million things
And not done a blessed one.

The more the plain and simple facts
Rose before his inner eyes,
The more he felt down in his heart
All his pent-up dander rise:—
Said he, "By thunderation, I'm
Agoin' to swear by dang;
I vow I've got to take a hand
And run my own shebang:—
If that Senate don't do something
About this thing o' pelf,
I'm blamed if I don't regulate
The pesky laws myself."
So saying, Uncle Samuel
(Full name United States)
Passed slowly up behind the house,
And through the White House gates;
He watched the leaves a-falling;
He watched the skies turn blue,
While he seemed to be a-making
Up his mind what he would do.

"I'm agoin' to swear, by dang."

But presently he spruced up as
  Some ladies passed him by,
He took a look to see the time;
  He gazed back at the sky;
Then up the street went striding
  At a nervous swinging gait,
Straight to the haughty columns where
  The Senate sits in state;
He turned in towards the marble steps
  Where the statue stood,
When looking up he murmured slow
  In a reflective mood,—
"I wonder if live Senators
  Ever have been good;
Or is the fiction really fact,
  As it has been said,
That Senators are only good
  After they are dead.
Ah! if George or Thomas J—
  Should come back here to-day,

I wonder what our Democrats
Would have the face to say;
I wonder now if Thomas
Would really understand,
That this is still the U. S.,
And not some foreign land."
So pondering many musings
Within his busy brain,
Uncle Samuel went poking
'Long with the crowded train
Of people who were climbing up
To see what they could see,
In that prize show place for humor—
The Senate Gallery.

The other folks went in at once,
But just as he came near,
The guardian shouted loudly:
"There's no more room in here!"
Uncle Samuel said something
That sounded much like damn,

And then informed that fellow
That his name was Uncle Sam.
The keeper said that he was very
Very glad to know his name,
But he wouldn't let no hayseed
Bulldoze him just all the same.
A looker-on then asked him
If he didn't have a pull,
While the keeper kept saying
That the Senate was all full.
So Uncle Sam went hustling
'Round to another door,
Which somehow he thought he reckoned
He hadn't seen before;
But just as he was going in,
Somebody wished to know,—
Where that poor old country jake
Thought he was tryin' to go!

His clothes were rather shabby—
You must remember that;

His boots smelt of the country;
Likewise his old plug hat;
His hair was not so quiet
As a city dandy's is,
While unshaved sproutings covered
That good old face of his;
He was a mite upset no doubt;
His head was in a maze;
But what seemed most against him
Was his plain old-fashioned ways;
Yet he managed somehow to blurt out:—
"I've been here before;
I want to hear the silver"—
And then he said no more;
At the single, small word "Silver"—
Lo! straightway betide,
He stood within the Senate
For the door had opened wide.
Then he sat him in a corner
As quiet as could be,

And next he took a look around
To see what he could see.

Below him there the Senators—
Those sentinels of fate—
Calmly sat in sleeping rows
Nodding to the great debate,
As standing, talking to the air
Upon two stalwart feet,
Someone would say his something,
And then start to repeat.
As Uncle Sam sized up the place,
He muttered, "Well, by gum;
I'm confounded if I ain't glad
After all now that I come.
This is the nice way,—is it?
By all old freedom's guns,
That the whole fly-wheel machinery
Of my government runs!
Well, well, this is a circus
That I never would have missed;

An' to think those chaps get salaries
For a doin' of all this!''
He leaned him o'er the railing,
Where in calm and peaceful sleep
Two bulky Senators were trying
Most gracefully to keep
Their gentle equilibrium;
Just to show how things should be;
And from appearance were succeeding
Unto a perfect T.
Another pair were smiling up
Like two empty headed dudes,
While the rest were sort of strewed around
In various attitudes.
A paper here; a letter there;
Some reading and some writing,—
They were an all-fired motley crowd
And not quite all inviting;
A pair of boots would upward soar
As if they'd reach the ceiling;

Another pair would dig the floor.
As if it had no feeling;
While some were scribbling letters
In a perfect raging fury,
Some looked calm as if there wasn't
Such a mortal thing as hurry.
One would tiptoe to his neighbor
To say a little word;
Another'd sit like Egypt's Sphinx
That has never stirred;
Thus while some were whispering;
Some snoozing and some walking,
An orator in front would be
Trying to do his talking.
Amidst the buzz of conversation;
The whizzing of the air—
And a sort of mixed up mess of sounds
That came from everywhere,
A faint and mellow music
That seemed very like a snore,

Was wafted in gentle anthems
  Up from the Senate floor.
'Twas a corporatious Senator
  Whose dreams must have been bad,
For he snorted like a harpooned whale,
  When it's starting to get mad,
Then suddenly his big fat head
  Began to toss and roll,
As if his visions weren't
  Exactly soothing to his soul.
While the status which he had
  So carefully maintained,
Became a little shaky—
  I may say a little strained—
For with a most amazing snort
  And one last troubled snore
He woke—in time to save himself
  From rolling on the floor.
Uncle Sam burst out a-laughing
  With a hearty ha! ha! he!

"Twas a corporation's Senator

He laughed until the rafters shook
In that Senate Gallery;
"Wal, now, I say that that performance
Was pretty middlin' good;
He didn't fall,—but Lordy!
I was hopin' that he would!"

With chubby fists that member
Rubbed his eyes—then rubbed again;
Next sat up and looked about
In haughty, proud disdain;
He seemed to feel somehow deep down
An inward consciousness,
That he had run some awful risk—
Though what he could not guess;
But far down in his mind indeed
There plainly seemed to be,
A need just then of keeping up
Some extra dignity.
For after that, save now and then
For a blank-eyed sleepy blink,

And one or two back-sliding nods
Mixed with a dreamy wink,
That Senator he sat bolt up
And no member you could see,
Was half as wide awake (outside)
As that member seemed to be.
While Uncle Sam was watching him
Of the corporatious snore,
Another member sprang in haste
Upon the Senate floor,—
"I rise to point of order!
I am sorry but I fear
That though this Senate seems in session,
There is no quorum here!"
Applause arose from all the friends
Of said sorrow-stricken man,
While wrath filled those who think their friends
Should slumber while they can.
The Speaker spoke: "The Clerk will please
Proceed to call the roll."

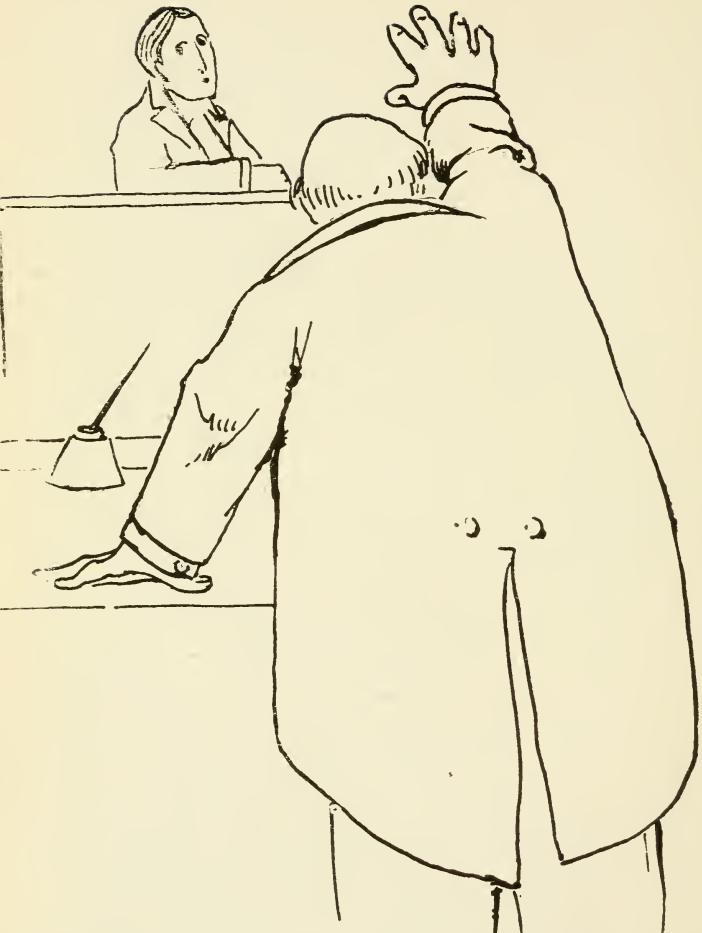
And then 'twas found they needed two
To make their quorum whole.

Hurry scurry went the Sergeant,
And soon he brought in one;
Then another one was captured
As he was trying to run.
But neither of them seemed to have
The slightest spark of shame,
About the thing of going in
And answering to their name.
The roll was called once more,
But one—whom everybody knew—
When the Clerk called out his name,
Wouldn't say as much as booh.
They tried to make him answer,
But he sat and just kept mum,
Looking calm and quite collected,
And mighty all-fired dumb.
Then the Speaker said that Mr. X.
Might not answer to his name,

But the Senate would proceed
With its business just the same.
Then Mr. X. who hadn't answered
Because he didn't choose,
Now began orating like
A mill-dam broken loose.
His face all flushed with crimson,
Grew redder and more red,
And this is a small sample of what
That noble member said:
(He was a chap who tipped the scales
At a good two-hundred weight)
"Mr. Speaker, 'tis with sorrow
That herewith I rise to state,
That since I didn't answer when
The clerk read that roll-call,
It showed—why it just showed I reckon
That I wasn't here at all!"
With a calm beatified expression
On his expansive face,

He squeezed himself back in his seat
With a cute unconscious grace
A fellow member rose and said:
"Now it seems to me he was—
Being here don't show his presence—
Well, I rather guess it does!"
The Speaker then allowed that
The Senator was right,
For the two-hundred weighted member
Was certainly in sight.
That puffing corporosity
Jumped back upon his feet—
"Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker—
Mr. Speaker, I repeat
That according to the letter
Of what the Senate rulings say,
If a member doesn't cast his vote—
Why, per se, he is away!"

Uncle Samuel roared aloud:
"If that ain't climbin' on the fence;



"Mr Speaker, – Mr Speaker, –
Mr Speaker," —

Good Lord—Good Lord, please send that chap
Jest a ray o' common sense!"
That expansive member thought
He was having splendid fun,
But in a minute more said member
Was promptly sat upon.
For the Speaker rose and curtly said,
According to his view,
Not even a Senator can be
Both in sight and absent, too.
Next a member who had risen
To make a short remark,
Took up all the Senate's time
Till 'twas pretty nearly dark.
Meanwhile Uncle Sam was talking
With a lad of scarce eighteen,
Who had found a seat beside him,
But whom before he hadn't seen.
At first they talked of this and that,
Crops, accidents, and then

They did exchange a view or two
About their fellow men.
When, growing confidential,
The young lad said he knew,
He could run a government "better'n
What these chaps seem to do."
And remarking he was tired
Of all their stupid stuff,
The young man said he guessed he'd go
For he had had enough.
With a jaunty "So long!"
And a most mannerly "Good day,"
The young man went toward the door;
But as he strode away,
Uncle Sam—who had forgotten earth
And every other clime—
Bethought him to investigate
The locality of time.
He jerked his big gold chain out;
'Twas exactly half-past five.

"Gee! I'll miss my supper this trip
As sure as I'm alive!"
He jumped up in a hurry;
"Now, gen'rally I don't care,
But after goin' through this mill,
Ye can't be livin' upon air!"
Yet ere he fairly reached the door,
He gave a backward glance—
One last fond farewell—when
Toward the front he saw advance
A stately man upon whose brow
Sat dignity and pride,
A very noble Roman seemed he
(To judge him from outside)
"Wal, now," said Uncle Samuel,
"I guess I'd better stay,
For this here feller looks as if
He'd got somethin' big to say:
I kinder think that his remarks 'll
Be more pinted, pat and few,

For he seems to know exactly
What he's startin' out to do.''
So Uncle Samuel went back
And resumed his former place,
As that Senator began to speak
With a most impressive grace.
Now, you cannot judge a donkey
From the mildness of his eyes;
You cannot always tell a storm
From the signs within the skies;
A rattlesnake looks placid
When he's basking in the sun;
And you'll never know an orator
'Till his orating's done.
That noble Roman started in
And with most pacific mien,
Tried to tell the Senate what his views
Had ever always been;
He said it grieved him to the heart
To look about and see,

So many signs of discord
And so much perplexity.
But if they'd listen to him—
And he'd try to make them hear—
He would clarify the subject
Till 'twas most opaquely clear,
It ill became a patriot, he thought,
And a Senator indeed,
To sit and never give his views
When his country was in need.
Thus that noble Roman did begin
In a placid even tone,
Which in the not far future
Became a little like a drone;
But it was very even,
And his voice was very clear,
So it sounded very pleasant
For a while to sit and hear;
But slowly Uncle Samuel
As he listened to him speak,

Began to feel so hungry
That it fairly made him weak;—
"Wal, now I've started out to see
This 'ere session through—
And I s'pose that feller 'll shut up
In a minute more or two,
But if he don't, by thunder,
I hev' got to have a bite,
For my stomach,—wal, my stomach
Don't feel jest exactly right!"
But when the orator kept on—
Lo, there came a happy thought,
Uncle Sam remembered that
As he entered he had bought,
A half a dozen apples.
How his keen grey eyes did gloat,
As he pulled those rosy apples
From the pocket of his coat,
And being one who had been reared
On light and simple fare,

Uncle Samuel seized said apples
And munched them then and there.
And when the last one was consumed
Unto the very core,
Though he looked much disappointed
Because there were no more,
He smacked his lips as every
Healthy apple-eater does,
And sighed in mild contentment;
"I am better than I wuz!"
Again he looked down on the floor
Where in dignified state,
That noble orator still stood
Ekeing out the great debate;—
"It beats the deuce," said Uncle Sam,
"The kinds o' human natures;
That feller'd sot down 'fore he riz
If he know'd pertaters!"
But the noble Roman in his heart
Held quite another view—

For he talked and talked and talked
With no sign of getting through;
Came six o'clock,—then seven
And eight and nine and ten;
Still he stood calmly talking
To that squad of sleepy men.
Eleven o'clock came in due time,
But slowly, calmly still
That flood of talk moved like the flow
Of a patent water-mill.
Then charmed as by some subtle,
Dunciadic wand or rod,
First beginning to be drowsy,—
Next to yawn and gape and nod
And with that voice still droning
Like the moaning of the deep,
Uncle Sam fell into a weary,
Dreary and exhausted sleep.

UNCLE SAM'S SLEEP.

He slept in peace. But presently—
Perhaps a half an hour—
He saw the member make an end
And giving up the floor
Retire in stolid silence
From the sigh enladen air,
Down through rows of placid faces
That beamed from everywhere.
Then came a rustle,—during which
He saw from where he sat,
A tall, quick fellow enter,
Decked in a cockade hat;
His coat was velvet and his vest
Was bright in all degrees;
His shoes had silver buckles
And his pants stopped at the knees;
He wore a sort o' woman's waist
With ruffles in full view,

While his raven hair was—a la Chinese—
Done up in a queue;
Yet with a certain antique look
He carried with him there,
A modest, clear, straightforward
And a most commanding air.
So wild was Uncle Sam to hear him
That he could scarcely wait:
"By the shades o' Bunker Hill
Thet's Patrick Henry sure as fate!
Gosh! But see them sparks o' light
Ablazin' from his eye;
Now he's the sort o' feller,
God has made to speechify!"
Uncle Sam then saw he held
A riding whip in hand,
But looked as if there was something
He didn't understand;
He saw him gaze up at the ceiling;
Then around and all about,

As if in the air was something
He couldn't just make out;
Meanwhile another member rose
And in words that sounded wise,
Said something about Silver
And the need of compromise;
That for the sake of harmony,
He thought it was the better way;
For even the side that knew 'twas right
To try and give way;
Because each party needed
To retain its party friends,
Thus, hedging was the proper means
Of gaining governmental ends;
And since nobody was quite
Sure of anything—he guessed
That compromise would be the way—
"For what's safest, that is best!"
And said member who had spoken
In behalf of compromise,

Sat down alooking tickled
From his boots up to his eyes.
Then Uncle Samuel saw him
Of the antique coat and queue,
Advance and ask the speaker
If he could say a word or two:
The drowsy speaker never oped
His dreamy eyes to peep,
But nodded yes, and then straightway
Fell off again to sleep.
He smiled—did Patrick Henry—
At men sleeping 'neath his view;
He smiled as if to say: "I guess
You'll wake up before I'm through!"
But he proceeded to explain
In a very quiet tone,
Where since last time Congress met,
Where it was that he had gone;
He said he went to Charlotteville
To consult with Thomas J;

And that indeed he didn't think
That he'd be so long away,—
To tell the whole truth after
His long riding he was glad
To return,—especially
As the roads were very bad;
Then he stated—while his voice
Rose in volume and in vim—
That whereas the present question
Was a little new to him,
And as he was quite unprepared
He wouldn't speak on it to-day;
But that however there was one thing
Which he felt impelled to say,—
For his heart down to its very depths
With sorrow had been stirred,
By the low, vile, petty sophistry
Of the things he had just heard.

"Look at the Lessons of the Past—and they lie in easy reach—
Look at Earth's dead empires, what do their bitter records teach?
What says the glories of old Rome, what says her dying sighs?
This,—that human Right and Wrong can hold no compromise!
Do you ever think that ever since the very birth of Time,
Through all the mournful ages stained with folly, blood and crime,
That where a single fact has risen from darkness into light,
'Tis because a deed was done there just because 'twas right:
That all else is forgotten! Not a man to-day can tell,
The names of mightiest influence for whom great Nations fell,
The rich, the powerful, and all the worldly-wise,
Who by schemes and cliques, and combinations showed their enterprise
All dead and unremembered as the dullest piece of clay,
For Sophistry shall perish do whatsoe'er it may.
And as for statesmen's records, I think you'll find it true—
Fearless minds have made the many, and tricks have made the few;
'Tis small two-penny thinkers who follow the wise ends
Of making God Almighty serve the views of their dear friends;
Who think they manage Fortune, or what is rather worse,
Who fancy their potato patch is the mighty Universe.

Sir, the Nation—the whole Nation! That and that alone should be.

The sign, the guide, the watchword of a statesman's loyalty.
Whatsoever State shall rise in strength, intelligence and might,
Must rest upon the rock foundations of eternal right;
For if a Nation is to keep its corpse above the sod,
It first must try to live in harmony with God.
It's the vilest sort of falsehood that's been spoken here to-day.
'Tis not the policy that's safe which is the wisest way.
Sir, I say to all assembled here, by the blue eternal skies.
That the man or State which tampers with the jugglery of lies,
As sure as Night shall follow Day,—That man or nation dies!"

As Patrick Henry took his seat,
Came a sudden breathless lull,
And next a round of sharp applause
Which filled the Senate full—
Applause which slowly rose into
A loud re-echoing roar,
That sounded like the storm surf
Beating on a rocky shore.
The sleepy heads were all awake;
Here and there and everywhere
Men were stamping, clapping, shouting--
Nay! the very air

Seemed to fairly flame with fire
Like a glowing sunset sky,
With a splendor that has caught ablaze
From a single human eye.
Uncle Sam got so excited
That he swung his old plug hat,
As he murmured: "Gee! I wish that I
Could speechify like that!"
An opinion in which, by the way,
All seemed undivided,
Therefore it took some minutes
Ere the Senators subsided—
For although men in words will wrangle—
Grow rosy and perspire,
They all unite at once upon
What compels them to admire,
Now when the Senate had resumed
Its former gentle state,
Of quiet and innocuous
Desuetudinous debate,

The Speaker, he arose and said:
"There was present with them there
A gentleman of fame known through
The Nation everywhere,
An active legislator, too—
Though that was long ago—
For of late years he had rather
Been an ex-officio;
However, it occurred to him
That perhaps it might pay
For the Senators to listen
To what he had to say
About the general problems
And questions of the day;
And would the following Senators
(Naming three of reverend age),
Conduct their Uncle Samuel
Up to the Speaker's stage.
As Uncle Sam heard that he saw
A (Silver) member scoot;

And looking toward the door he thought
He'd better follow suit;
Just then those Senators came up
And with a pleasant smile,
Conducted him in frigid silence
Down that awful lengthy aisle;
His head it swum; his vision reeled;
It seemed that he was blind,
When of a sudden Patrick Henry
Arose before his mind,
And after that he never felt
The tiniest bit afraid,
But stood right up—and all alone—
And this is what he said:

UNCLE SAM'S SPEECH.

"Feller Countrymen, it is with great pleasure that I rise,
To stand upon this Senate floor, and to look into ye're eyes:
I hev' often heard about ye, and I'm very glad to say,
That I feel exceedin' interest in bein' here to-day.
Though with all ye're modern notions I cannot jest agree,
I tell ye they're chuck full o' quanderies fur me;—

Here and there I kinder thought I ketched onto a pint,
That seemed to me as if 'twas yanked a little out o' jint;
So when I kin manage to collect the gist o' my ideas,
I'd like to tell ye some few things that the farmer feller sees:
If I'm too brief in my remarks, please forgit my failin's for
I wasn't brought up in my youth to be no orator;
I'm jest a plain old fashioned chap thet wants his land to be
A place where common kind o' folks kin live happy and live free.
Where the hul' concern kin revel in the best o' human health,
And, by mindin' their own bizness kin get on the road to wealth.
Where Tom and Dick and Harry aire as good as you and me—
Previded thet they're loyal to our old Ameriky;
And if they ain't—I hevn't nary hide nor hair o' doubt,
That we'd better riz together and proceed to throw them out;
Or rather—though perhaps it's somewhat latish to begin,
We'd better see 'bout lettin' so many cartloads in.
Howsomever, I won't specialize about this thing or that,—
I want to mention what I think this country's comin' at;—
We're a mighty big concern I 'low and yit it seems to me
Our Constitooshun ain't exactly what it used to be;
Or rather I should mention thet the way thet things aire run,
Ain't precisely what they wuz in the days o' Washington.
Fur politics strike me as a great big game o' grab;
With the prizes for the fellers with the biggest gift o' gab;
And the question nowdays ain't so much to do the thing thet's
right

As to keep a swimmin' in the swim and look purty and perlite;
Now I wouldn't like to tread upon anybody's feelin's,
But I really think you hev' too many underhanded dealin's;
And I wouldn't say thet any on' ye'd go startin' out to shirk,—
But what makes ye spend a week on a middlin' fair day's work?
It's a fact ye take a heap o' time according to my view,
In consultin' round instead of doin' what you started out to do;
Though you all look mighty chipper and mighty hale and hearty.
When the question to be settled is agoin' to suit your party!
Oh I've watched your ways and doin's till I know ye to a T.
I'm a plain old country hayseed, but ye can't bamboozle me."

'Twas hereabouts that Uncle Sam
Thought he heard a haw and hem,
And someone say they didn't want
No old fool to lecture them ;
Then a member rose up with a gaze
Of most pathetic scorn—
(For his mind looked as if it might
Be suffering from a corn)—
"I rise to point of order,
And I say it with great pain

That the member's statement of the facts
Is too shockingly plain "—

"Damnation take your indirections"—turning with a whiz—
"The trouble with you fellers.—the trouble with you is—
You've lost all sense and meanin' of good old honest biz;
To do a thing because its right and because its fair and square;
To act as ye think ye orter and stand for what you aire:
Instid o' thet, 'bout all you do when you're startin' out to vote,
Is to peek around to see the color o' the other feller's coat,—
What party he belongs to,—as if it matter'd one blamed copper cent;
Kin ye find two kinds o' patriots in a loyal government?
What party!—Better drowned your parties in the old Atlantic ocean,
And then sit down and try to git some decent kind o' notion,
O' what your duties to your Nation and your homeland ought to be,
I tell ye, Freedom's cause ain't helped by the schemers thet ye see!
When they wuz born, half on 'em should been laid back on the shelf;
A statesman thinks of somethin' besides his pocket and himself."

As Uncle Sam stepped from the stage,
He saw a crowd of men

Come up to offer their good wishes
To which he smiled, and then—
He woke up with a sudden jerk
Like one risen from the dead,
The speech still ringing in his ears
Of all (he imagined) he had said;
Just where or what he was
He couldn't exactly see,
For instead of being on the floor,
He was in the gallery.
Beside him stood a fleshy man
Whose garments did encase,
A form that was as plump and rotund
As his rotund face;
Uncle Sam looked up and queried—
"Wal, an' who be you?"
That rotund person gave one look
That froze him through and through.
As with a cry of indignation
He called out with a roar—

"I? You poor old ignoramus—
I am the Janitor!"
"I beg your pardon, mister,
But I never did pretend
To recognize too sudden
Even my bosomest friend;
Now jedgin' in a gin'ral way
From your independent bent,
I didn't know but what ye might
Hev' bin the President."
The Janitor, he smiled and
In milder fashion said,
He might be some day, but meanwhile
He'd do cleanin' up instead;
Then with a curious expression
Which certainly seemed queer,
He added: "It's time, I reckon,
You were gettin' out o' here!"

That capped the climax! Uncle Sam
Was now all in a daze,

He stretched himself back in his chair,
And muttered in a maze:—
"Gee! I don't see where I be;
Wal, I've got my hat;
But where's Patrick Henry gone?
An' geewhittaker! whose that?"
He saw a sight that struck him dumb—
Could it be that he was ill?
That same old droning orator
Was down there droning still;
Then suddenly he was possessed
By a fearful inward fright,
"Whew! I never knew before
My head wa'n't exactly right—"
He rushed up to the Janitor
(Who was smiling with delight)
"Where'd thet fellow come from?"
Pointing through the morning light,
"Why he's the tedious idiot
That's been talking here all night!"

"Goodness bless me! then—then
I ain't crazy after all;
Wal, wal, (he murmured) but I've
Been shook up powerful!"
Then he saw it all—how instead
Of speeches dire and deep,
He had merely been indulging
In a Senatorial sleep;
But he didn't feel quite rested—
For into his hearing still,
Came that weary, dreary droning
Of that patent water-mill;
The Senator of placid voice
Was still trying to give as news
Unto his weary colleagues,
His twice told tedious views;
At last, as there's an end even
To what a mill-wheel can repeat,
'Mid grateful sighs of glad relief
That member took his seat.

Next a member who had risen
And secured the floor,
(A man he was who'd spoken
Five separate times before)
Gave notice he could end his speech
If they gave him two days more;
Another Senator arose,
And with charming modesty,
Said that as for days to end his speech,
He needed only three.
Then, after two more members
Had taken their modest turn,
The Speaker called out for a vote,
And the Senate did adjourn.
For the Speaker said that after
Sitting up all night he guessed,
They'd agree with him that there was need
Of a little solid rest;
Scarce a minute did elapse
After work was ended there,

They found themselves outside
In the good fresh morning air ;
Then, as in his stomach Uncle Sam
Was feeling rather gaunt,
He betook himself straightway unto
The nearest restaurant ;
And he murmured slowly as he
Plodded meekly on his way :
"Gee ! But I've learned a heap
Since this time yistiddy."

THE END.

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